

The Organization

by Barney Calhoun

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Summary: The lives of Barney Calhoun and Adrian Shepard after they escaped Black Mesa, and before the Combine Invasion. Rated PG-13 for violence and mild language. All flames accepted. Please R&R!

## 1. The Aftermath

The Organization-

The story of Barney Calhoun and Adrian Shepards' lives during the time period between The Incident and the Combine Invasion. Anything in this fan fiction that has to do with the Half-life franchise is owned by Valve Software and Sierra.

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The Aftermath-

Barney Calhoun drove as fast as he could down the highway in the middle of the New Mexican desert. The SUV still had much gas left, which he found reassuring since he intended to leave the state. Barney had driven for hours, with, and it was already late afternoon. Escaping the research facility was living hell, but getting out of the state without being captured by government agents was an entirely different story. His thoughts were interrupted by an extremely loud blast from behind him. The ground started to rumble as if there were an earthquake. Looking at the rear view mirror he could see a huge, blinding white cloud that rose hundreds of feet in the air. The mushroom like smoke was right on top of where the Black Mesa Research Facility used to be. He stepped on the acceleration even harder which pushed the SUV from 90 mph to 110 mph.

"What in God's name was that!"

"They nuked Black Mesa!" Barney answered pointedly to the scientist

sitting next to him, whose I.D. tag identified him as Dr. Michael Rosenberg.

The two scientists sitting in the back, Henry Graph, and Walter Bennett gaped in terror as they watched the scene unfold. Barney was just as petrified as they were. Yet he didn't show it. Having a scared security guard with you doesn't help the situation.

"Are we out of this cursed wasteland yet?" Walter asked nervously.

"Easy for you to say!" Henry snapped.

"We are about eighty miles away from the Arizona state border. We're lucky we got out of there before the nuclear bomb exploded." Barney said.

"But all those civilians, guards, and scientists, any survivors are dead. Even the soldiers." Dr. Rosenberg whispered as if he were talking to himself.

"I don't give a damn about those military death squads, Marine or Black Op. They slaughtered innocent people!" Barney yelled.

The four stayed silent afterwards. Soon afternoon slipped into evening, which scared the scientists sitting in the SUV even more than Barney. They kept traveling, eager to get to their destination. Finally, they had reached the border after a few hours of high speed driving a racecar driver would have been proud of. Excitement turned to dread as they found the border gate closed. Barney slammed on the breaks before they could crash into the gate, and ended just a few inches away from it.

"Why did you stop? Just keep going already! Salvation is just beyond that fence!" Walter screamed in desperation.

"Wait, I think it's a trap." Barney said instinctively.

"What now? Just drive right through the gate!" Henry declared.

"Everyone stop, listen to Barney. Something isn't right at all, they wouldn't close the gate on the state border now would they?" Rosenberg explained.

"I'll go outside and check the guard house." Barney said.

"You better be careful Barney, anything could be out there." Warned Dr. Rosenberg

The guard cautiously stepped out of the vehicle, searching the environment to check for any traps. He notices that there is someone sitting in the booth, but the chair is turned the other way. The person's head also slumped towards his chest. He then takes out his .357 magnum revolver from his holster and points it straight at the person sitting in the chair.

"Hey! Open the gate! Wake up!" Barney coaxed, thinking the guard was sleeping.

Barney turns the seat around, and steps back in horror when he looks upon the border guard. There was a knife jammed into the person's forehead. When he was about to go out the door, a bullet hit the dead guard, causing to Barney dive under the window for cover.

"Calhoun, what the hell is happening?" Henry said in dismay, attempting to get out of the SUV.

"Don't get out of the car! There's a sniper!" Barney yelled

But it was already too late. As soon as Henry stepped out of the SUV, several sniper slugs hit him. Dark red blotches started to form under his white lab coat. The lifeless body collapsed to the ground. Clicks can then be heard indicating the sniper was reloading

"No! You damn bastard!" Barney howled in rage. He was not about to lose another scientist to those government operatives now.

Barney got up and aimed his gun out the window, and scanned the area behind the car for the sniper. Even with all that driving, all his fatigue from fighting aliens and soldiers in Black Mesa, his reflexes weren't dulled. He quickly found the snipers hiding place due to the moonlight's reflection off the soldier's silvery Scout sniper rifle. When the black-clad assassin appeared from behind a boulder, Barney fired. Three loud booms can be heard. The first bullet missed the sniper all together, the second ricocheted off the rock, but the third hit its target. The .50 caliber slug tore through the Black Op's Kevlar, rupturing his lungs, and with the force of the impact sending him 10 feet in the air. With that accomplished, Barney stepped out of the booth and slowly walked to where Henry lay dead. The scientists stared blankly at the security guard, still amazed at Barney's adaptability to the situation when under fire. The guard picked up Henry and placed him in the back trunk.

When he was about to close the trunk's lid, a dart hit him right on his left ankle. He painfully turned around just to be hit square in the chest by two more darts. He fell to the ground, hating himself for lowering his guard while he completely blacked out. Before Walter or Rosenberg could act, a squad of Black Ops surrounded the SUV, holding their 9-millimeter MP5 submachine guns up, ready to shoot at any threat. The scientists surrendered, knowing that with Henry dead, and Barney knocked out, they had absolutely no chance of winning.

"Come out of the vehicle with your hands behind your head! No one is allowed to leave the border without proper verification. " A figure who seemed to be the squad leader loudly informed.

"Wait, don't shoot! We are scientists from the Black Mesa Research Facility!" Rosenberg was the first to answer, having a futile hope of getting passed this barricade in one piece.

But that was a mistake to say that, because now that they all had their sights on the two scientists.

'Damn, should have said we were civilians.' Rosenberg thought to himself.

Just when Walter was about to say something, a ball of green electricity appeared out of nowhere. All the Black Ops' attention

totally switched to the teleport, as the scientists recognized. A dark, pale-skinned figure stepped out of the teleporter. The operatives slowly lowered their weapons realizing who it was. Upon closer examination, you can notice the slick black, brushed back hair. He wore a dark blue suit, and carried a metal suitcase with the Black Mesa logo on it. It was the government man, as everyone called him.

"You." That was all Rosenberg could say, clenching his fists. He glared at the g-man, in deep hatred, knowing he was the one who directed the entire resonance cascade.

"It seems we still have a few loose ends to tie up." The g-man said with that same scowl, in that same hesitant speech with the snake-like s sound that Rosenberg loathed.

"Hmm, your protector has been put to sleep, thanks to highly concentrated anesthetic, which by the way, the darts, contained. What are you going to do Rosenberg? Or shall I call you Mr. Rosenberg instead?

Both Michael and Walter stayed silent, no wanting to show their fright to the worm before them.

"Worm? Ah, but you will find more repulsive traits about me than that. You should better guard your thoughts."

Both scientists stared at disbelief. How could someone read his or her minds like that?

"You have two choices, gentlemen. Either the both of you join my, errâ€|my employers' organization, or we will kill your favored security guard.

"We are not afraid of you! Employ this asshole!" Walter declares menacingly, while sticking up his middle finger at the g-man.

"Walter don't!" Rosenberg yelled. But it was too late.

The g-man then gazes evilly at Walter. He then turns away. Walter begins to feel something invading his mind. A shrieking voice then told him, "Now you will feel true pain inferior human!". Walter wails and puts his hands on his head, and starts to convulse violently. Only after a few minutes of disturbing whining, Walter finally drops to the ground. Rosenberg, who was watching Walter's seizure, winced back when he saw the white, lifeless eyes of his colleague. He turns fearfully to the g-man.

"Well, Mr. Rosenberg, it is time to choose." The g-man cackled harshly. Michael Rosenberg knew what he had to do.

End: The Aftermath

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Author's Notes: I edited this chapter, so it makes more sense. I've revamped the plot, so the story includes the perspectives of both

Calhoun and Shepard. It should sound better. I'll just have to see...

## 2. Recruitment

Author's Note: Ok, I updated a little quicker than usual, but it's up now. This chapter has been removed and edited a couple of times, but it's fully re-edited now. This will be final, and then I will be moving on to chapter 3. I've also made Adrian sound more like a soldier, since before he sounded like an angry teenager. Enjoy!

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Recruitment-

Adrian Shepard awoke from his deep slumber only to find he was still inside the Osprey helicopter. He looked out the passenger window, and hated the same monotonous background of the empty vastness of space. He wondered how long he was sitting on the metallic bench supported by chains nailed into the Osprey wall on both ends of the bench. The fates of the previous occupants he could not fathom. Although he had an idea either aliens or black ops killed them. He looked at his timepiece, but to his surprise the hands of the watch were not moving. He stared out the window, expecting to see the same blackness and infinite amount of stars. But of course things were never as they seemed ever since he met that creepy government representative. The scenery changed from space to the New Mexican desert. He turned around to lay eyes with his squad leader.

"Sit your ass down Shepard!" The Sergeant boomed.

Adrian didn't hesitate, his training already taking effect. He sat back down on the bench. Right next to him was his squad mate Chavez. On the bench across from him sat the other members of the team, Tower, Goush, and some other grunt he didn't know about. It's like he was reliving the past.

"What the hell is happening?" Adrian asked loud enough for the whole team to hear him.

The sergeant seemed to be the only person who noticed what Adrian was saying, but the rest still continued their talk and jokes.

"Well at least I know time has shifted backwards." Adrian said impatiently. But the team still didn't notice. The sergeant glared at Adrian.

"Why is nobody listening?" Adrian asked the sergeant, seeing he was the only one who took attention.

The squad leader took his gaze off Adrian and muttered something under his breath. Adrian got up to beat some sense into the sergeant, but when he got up, some unknown force pushed him back down on the bench.

"What the-" Adrian wasn't able to finish his sentence as he stared in shock as his whole entire team turned in vortigaunts.

All five of them charged up their electrical attacks. Adrian whipped out his combat knife. He charged at the alien slave that took his sergeant's place and slashed at the large red eye in the middle of it's head. The slave fell off the Osprey and the other slaves unleashed their attacks simultaneously. The lightning strikes all hit Adrian on his PCV vest. The vest absorbed the entire attack, but the impact sent Adrian flying out the Osprey and into the canyon below. Adrian kept falling for what seemed like forever.

"Stop playing with my mind!" Adrian yelled to no one in particular.

That didn't stop whatever was happening, he just kept falling further down. All of a sudden, the world just blackened out. He fell right on an invisible floor, or he thought it was invisible since the entire place was pitch black. He painfully got up, but found he wasn't dead, when he should have been liquefied from the seemingly thousand-foot drop. A door then opened about twenty feet away from him. A strong beam of white light streamed through the opening, blinding Adrian, who became so accustomed to the dark. He heard someone slowly stepping toward him. Thinking it was hostile, he attempted to throw his knife at whatever it was. In the middle of the motion, the knife melted, which scorched and burned Adrian's right hand, making him scream in pain.

"Feels revitalizing doesn't it?" A familiar voice inquired.

"Damn you!" Adrian screamed, knowing it was the government man, the bastard who put him in this hellhole in the first place.

"Well, I seem to have that effect on everybody I meet." The g-man said.

"What the hell do you want with me you little shit?" Adrian asked in anger, wishing he could kill this freak right now.

"If you really want to know, ask in a proper manner worthy of the likes of me."

"Alright, why do you want me in here?"

"As you can see, I'm not no ordinary human." Said the g-man, smirking.

"I don't see how you are, you can just be some human allied with the aliens, and then you got some special "power" for doing so."

"I beg to differ Mr. Shepard. How do think I'm able to teleport here and there? Do you even know where you are now?"

"No, but I have an idea I'm in some void."

"Close enough, but I don't think you'd have the patience to hear it anyway."

"Who are you... what are you?"

"If I told you, I would have to kill you wouldn't I? But you prove too useful for me to do that. Noting that you stopped the "Race X"

invasion upon Black Mesa, I think you would be interested to be in my organization's employment."

"Now why would I want to do that? As far as I'm concerned, you're not going to make me do anything that will go against my country."

"You have no choice."

"I sure as hell have a choice, you got no damn authority over me."

Adrian got up and tried to tackle the g-man. But when he was a few inches for him, he was thrown back yet again by something he never would understand. It was almost like when he tried to attack the fake sergeant on the osprey. He slowly got up, blood already coming out of his mouth from internal bleeding. He knew all efforts to injure this strange alien-like figure would be futile. Adrian would die if not by starvation, his wounds. Worse yet, by insanity. He decided to submit to the g-man's request.

"That's much better Mr. Shepard, I knew you would change your mind. Besides, I don't think any sane human would like to stay in this black, desolate void all by themselves forever."

"I have nothing to say."

"No regrets Mr. Shepard. Like they say, salvation is always behind the lighted doorway."

And with that, Adrian Shepard walked through the open door way to his doom. There was something wrong in doing this he knew, for he was betraying his own species. He would do many things to live. Yet he would find some way to avert whatever the government, or alien, representative's intentions were. Based on prior knowledge, he knew that these "plans" are not going to help America, or Earth for that matter. But for now, he had to play along to keep the g-man's eyes off him...

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The Administrator's cell phone rang. He picked it up and to his approval; it was his associate, Estar, who was also known as the "g-man". Of course the snake-like voice always proved it was Estar who called. There was no doubt.

"Everything is going as planned. All the known survivors of Black Mesa are now employed in your service." Estar assured.

"Very good Estar, I knew you'd pull through. How many are there?" The Administrator asked.

"In total, nine survived. Six were caught, and four joined our little corporation. The other three escaped."

"Be a little specific. What happened to the two that didn't concur? And who were the three people that escaped?"

"The two who disagreed, were the scientists Walter Bennett and Henry

Graph. Due to their impudence, they were disposed of. As for the escapees, they slipped through our barricades. Two of them are scientists, and one was a rouge Black Op operative. The names of the scientists were verified as Eli Vance, and Isaac Kleiner. The identity of the Black Op agent remains unknown for now. I'll look into it."

"No Estar, forget it. Leave the three alone, they are of no threat to us. They don't contain any knowledge of us anyway. Although I'd like to know the reactions of the four who were employed."

"Nothing really surprising. The most promising of them is Gordon Freeman."

"You mean the scientist who killed the Nihilanth?"

"Correct." Estar answered.

"Go on then."

"His submission was smooth, he showed no sign of retaliation. The second, whom I personally favored, was the marine Adrian Shepard. He showed much denial, and he attempted to fight me, but of course I put him in his place. The third, a security guard of Black Mesa, is Barney Calhoun. He had a shootout with some of our Black Ops who were guarding the border so, but our they took care of it. A few tranquilization darts did the trick. As for the last of them, is Dr. Michael Rosenberg. He is the only one who knows of our operations, but weâ€¦made him silent for the time being."

"Well, thank you for your thorough work Estar. I will contact you tomorrow."

"Very well then." Estar said ending the conversation.

The Administrator shut off his cell phone. He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but he felt Estar was hiding something from him. He dismissed the thought and went about his business.

End: Recruitment

### 3. Awakening

Awakening-

I gradually awoke from my deep sleep. I opened my eyes slowly, just to shut them again when luminous light leaked through the slits of my eyelids. After getting used to the new brightness, I looked around a little, only to find I was inside some sort of hospital room with huge lights in the ceiling. Almost everything was white. I inspected my attire, which showed I had a hospital patient garb on. A slight sting sliced through my right hand, making me wince. There was a thick-gauged bandage that covered my entire hand.

"So that chat with that g-man was real after all." I muttered to myself.

As I attempted to get up, throbbing aches filled my whole body, causing me to moan and drop back onto the bed.



"Getting up right now is not a smart thing to do right now. I suggest you rest for a little bit and get used to moving around." A person who stood by the door asserted.

"Oh really? I didn't notice." I said sarcastically.

"Adrian, now's not the time to act up." The person said.

"Alright, the fact there are people who know me, and yet I don't know them, really bewilders me."

"Calm down Adrian, I'm not the right guy to quarrel with."

"Can you tell me who your are then?"

"Well, it seems you've had enough anyway. I'm Dr. Michael Rosenberg, former head scientist of the now demolished Black Mesa Research Facility."

"They got you too, eh? I wonder how many other escapees were employed into this network of conspiracy."

"Very few actually, there are only four of us in total."

"They probably killed the rest who refused. Poor bastards."

"Did it ever occur to you that some of those "poor bastards" were my friends?"

A grim silence broke out between them. Michael just standing by the door, whilst Adrian laying on the bed. Both just staring at things that just happened to come in their field of vision.

"Do you know of the others who are in it with us?" Adrian asked suddenly, wishing to befriend this man he personally admired.

"Only one. His name is Barney Calhoun. He was the only security guard who was still alive to help me, and a few other colleagues escape that god-forsaken Research Facility."

"Do you know where Barney is? You're here with me, and the other "employee" is no where to be seen."

"To tell you the truth, after we were caught by Black Ops on the Arizona state border, they seperated us. I'm only here because they made stay here to supervise you until you wake up."

"You can leave, I can handle myself right now. Still have some wounds that disable movement right now. Damn my hand hurts like a bitch."

"I thought Marines were supposed to show their pain?"

"Well I have two reasons for you. One, technically, I'm not a Marine anymore, and two, we're only supposed suppress pain when engaged with the enemy. So I'm safe to whine about my wounds right now."

Dr. Rosenberg left the room with a slightly amused look on his face. I respected the man, he kept his cool even with an ex-Marine. I

didn't kill any innocents, nor did my squad mates do so. But most of the Army and Marines that were sent in to clean the Facility killed whatever they were ordered to kill. Aliens, civilians, scientists, anyone who witnessed or were part of the entire event. Dr. Rosenberg probably assumed I was one part of the whole Death Squad, since that's the image the rest gave the scientists and guards that were left. When I got the chance I would tell him I didn't shoot any civilian. That would probably ease things between us. Michael would prove to be a valuable ally against whatever odds that faced me when the time came. My body, eagerly wanting rest, I was forced to sleep again. I lied back down on the bed and began the slow step of recuperation, amidst a large flow of thoughts that hurdled through my mind at random.

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>I slowly woke up, a little dazed. Trying to make sense of what was happening, I felt around. It seemed I was lying down in a leathery bed, like the ones psychiatrists use when they study people. Hearing a conversation going on a few feet away from me, I stayed still, trying to listen to what the people were saying:<p><p>

"Is he the new one?" An unknown voice asked.

"I'm not so sure, but he's been sleeping like that for days." Another person replied.

"Must have taken a few darts for him to be put out for that long."

"I'll say, they're really desperate to round up some new recruits."

"They didn't just abduct this one, I heard that he was one of the survivors of Black Mesa."

"Didn't they exterminate all the Black Mesa personnel and the soldiers sent in?"

"All except for a few who were deemed "worthy" to be employed. Look, he still has his old uniform on."

"How the hell would you know Mitchell?"

"Because I have a higher rank than you do, so they tell me more. You're just a low grunt that's expendable."

"That was cold Mitch."

"I'm just messing around Rey. But no, they didn't tell me. I was the guard on duty when they dragged this guy in. I just saw the Black Mesa logo on him."

"Who are "they" anyway? I could never figure it out."

"Well, we are not supposed to be told. But I assume "they" are the administrators that run this organization, and the other sources that fund it."

"â€|You know what, let's get a beer while no one's noticing. I'm bored

of guarding some survivor from Black Mesa that's in a comatose. Its not like he's ever going to get out. The door is going to be locked, and he's disarmed anyway."

"Fine, but if we get caught off duty, and then assassinated, I'll be sure to kill you first before the Black Ops do. That's a promise Rey."

"Okay, whatever."

That's the last thing I heard from them as they walked out of the corridor. Whoever "Mitchell" and "Rey" are, they are probably not here to help me. It was funny how I instantly noticed they didn't really act like soldiers. They talked like I did before the resonance cascade occurred. I thought a little of the previous events. Where was I? The last thing I remember was getting shot with tranquilizer darts by Black Ops. Dr. Rosenberg and Walter were still alive when I blacked out... Rosenberg and Walter! They should be in this place too! I've got to find them. It took me a while before I was able to find balance after I got off the bed. My limbs were still a little numb. I searched around the room for anything that would enable me to depart. Then I spotted the vent that on the wall to the left of the door. Yes, the vents. It was one of the best things that helped me out during the escapade at the BMRF (Black Mesa Research Facility). I was about to move, when I heard a strange snake-like voice from behind me.

"Going somewhere Mr. Calhoun?"

"Not youâ€¦"

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>Feeling the presence of someone alerted my instincts, forcing me to wake up yet again. Piercing eyes met my gaze, and gave me shivers. It was "he"...<p><p>

"How are you feeling Mr. Shepard?"

"Now that you're here, I feel like going back to sleep."

"Sarcasm is really a strong attribute to your personality."

"How professional of you to say that g-man. May I call you g-man? I think I should call you "freak", but that would probably get me killed wouldn't it?"

"No matter how much you revile me, I'm not going to change my mind."

"Since you only speak to me if its in your own interest, what do you need?"

"Its not a need Mr. Shepard, more like neccessity. I think it best for you to get up. Now."

"I wish I could, but you sort of incapacitated me, remember?"

"Ah, but your forgetting Mr. Shepard."

"Forgetting what exactly?"

"You'll know what I mean when you stand on the floor."

Not wanting another dangerous encounter with death, I sat up, and amazingly, placed my feet on the ground without pain at all. I looked at my hand, which was also fully cured. I looked to where the g-man was, but as usual, he was gone. Now, totally healed, I walked to the door. Finding it locked, I turned around to face a glass tube that wasn't there before. It wasn't the glass tube that surprised me, but what was inside it. I stepped closer to get a better examination of the contents. The g-man must really value me if he wanted me to wear this. After a few minutes of staring, the tube openedâ€¦|

End: Awakening

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>Author's Note: Sorry for the time delay of this chapter, but I was busy doing a lot of other things. The time spent was mostly for holiday preparations too. I promise I'll get chapter 4 in next week, I still have to finish editing it. I also found that the reason why the text couldn't be indented, or anything was because I had to use Text Document to insert my story, since doesn't accept "wps" documents. It doesn't really matter though. I've redone the previous 2 chapters also. I really suggest you guys reread chapters 1 and 2, since a lot has changed. Happy Holidays everyone!<p><p>

#### 4. Preparations

Preparations-

The complete full-blown body armor that was resting neatly on a metal stand impressed me. It used state of the art technology, yet it seemed a bit inferior compared to the HEV suits I had encountered during the venture in the BMRF. The inner layer of the chest piece was made of adamantium alloy, which can block most any type of bullet by itself. But the top part of the body armor took most of the damage. A black, one-inch thick PCV-like material covered the entire top layer of it all. There were also black adamantium knee and elbow parts to add to it all. Right under the armor plates lay a gray and white camouflage fatigue, with the sleeves tightly folded near the elbow. This material of the uniform was even made of high dense Kevlar. There were also black fingerless Kevlar gloves and soft, yet very durable combat boots. The final addition, which completed the package, was a black beret made of the same fabric as the fatigue. There was a white insignia that marked the center of the beret, which was a triangle with curved lines covering either side. The curves made a slight s-shape, while the two bottom vertexes were extended sharply and pointed inward. This must have been this "Organization's" symbol. In small text above the protective equipment, read "The Mark 2: Heavy Assault Combat System (HACS)". Just by the color scheme, the "HACS" was especially made for urban style infiltrations.

I wanted to try the HACS on, but I felt kind of like a dog without a bath, so a shower was necessary. Not only that, I was starving. I looked around the room, and saw three circular buttons that weren't there before. They were a few feet away from the HACS. One was labeled "Cleansing Accommodations", the next labeled "Attire". The

final was named "Nourishment". I pressed that button immediately, and the wall lifted above me. I entered a tiny room with a table and chair. On the table was a large complete meal fit for three people. I devoured all the food in record time, and opened the 2-liter bottle of soda and drank it all. My stomach satisfied, I came out of the room.

I then pressed the "Cleansing Accommodations" button, and waited for a few seconds. The wall in front of me opened, revealing a small bathroom. There was a stand-up shower in the upper-right corner, a toilet across from it, and a sink with a mirror-cabinet on top in the middle of the left-side wall. There was also a towel rack next to the shower. I stepped inside, while bright lights on the ceiling activated simultaneously. The tiles that covered the entire bathroom were of a pale green color. I undressed quickly and ran inside the shower. I took a ten-minute hot bath. When I finished, I grabbed a towel and dried myself off. Not needing to use the latrine, I headed to the sink. I brushed my teeth and completed all other hygiene necessities. Finished, I went to the "Attire" wall. Instead of the entire piece of wall opening, only a little portion opened. A pair of boxers, etc. were shown. I wore those.

With everything finished, I finally stepped up to the HACS. I first grabbed the Kevlar fatigue, which fit snugly around me. It was really cold. Confused, I felt around the outfit, and touched a small dial on my right shoulder. It was all the way to the side marked "Cold". I turned the dial about halfway between "Cold", and the other side "Warm". I felt relieved after the inside temperature increased. Afterwards, something strange happened. The Kevlar appeared to be fusing with my skin. It still looked the same on the outside, but it probably wasn't so under it. Obscure electrical impulses (or so it seemed) were stinging my nerves. My muscles were tensing, and becoming rigid. It was like I gained strength just from the suit. Already amazed, I reached for the adamantium portions of the HACS and hesitantly strapped them on. Expecting it to be heavy, the adamantium was incredibly lightweight. I put the gloves and boots on easily enough. I then added the beret on my head. The beret tightened automatically (although comfortably) around my forehead all the way to the back of my head. A thin com-link lowered from the beret to the left side of my face. I was now an official operative under the g-man's employment. Joyâ€|yeah right.

Feeling brand new, I went to the door. A fingerprint scanner appeared next to the doorway. I took off my left glove and slowly pressed my forefinger on it, not exactly sure of what to do, and then the door opened. Satisfied with my success with the scanner, I exited the room and met a large hallway. After putting my glove back on, I noticed my room was at the very end, so I proceeded down the corridor. I jogged toward the main door at the end of the hallway. A heavy armed navy-blue clad officer guarded the entrance. Thinking I had access to this particular door, I attempted to pass, but the guard moved, blocking my way.

"Halt! You have not been cleared for entry! Any new recruits must register in the Recruitment Center. The Center is located that way!" The guard spoke sharply through his dark-blue gas mask, while motioning his M4 Assault Rifle at a door to his right.

Acknowledging the command, I headed through the door the guard pointed at. Inside was a one-person elevator. I walked in as the door

closed behind me. The lift was already programmed to take the passenger to just one destination, the Recruitment Center. I waited patiently while the lift made its way upward, to the higher depths of this secluded facilityâ€|

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"Don't ever try to escape again Mr. Calhoun. I'm currently in a generous mood today; I suggest you not spoil it. I would have disposed of you easily if I weren't." The g-man hissed angrily.

"The guards will escort you to your post. You are under my jurisdiction, so I will not allow any sedition from you. You will follow my orders without question Mr. Calhoun, or the consequences will be great."

The two guards Mitchell and Rey returned from their "break" and stood behind me. It seemed they were in the light-arms division since they weren't wearing much protection, or carrying anything larger than a pistol. Not only that, according to everything I've seen so far, this was the g-man's personal complex. You'd think there'd be heavily armed guards and tight security. But these two don't meet my concepts at all. They both had on a weak form of Kevlar and thin plastic helmets. Rey had a .45 Colt, a weapon that was completely passÃ©, while Mitchell had a modern TMP sub-machinegun strapped to his thigh, which was not so bad. I turned around to face the g-man, who was waiting for me to stop my observations.

"Dismissed." He finally concluded, looking rather annoyed.

Mitchell and Rey both clasped each of my arms tightly and led me out the door, to wherever I was assigned to go. It was amusing that they acted more professional when the g-man was reprimanding me. It would be a sight if I told him of their behavior when no one's listening. I was lucky to have survived this entire ordeal and be spared by the g-man himself. I still could be partially thankful, for without him coming in, I would suppose the Black Ops would have had their way and killed me anyhow. Getting bored of walking and thinking, I decided to bring up some spirits.

"So pals, how was your round of beer?" I started.

I waited for a reply, but it didn't come. The two stayed grim in their march to my security station. They came to a thick metallic door a few hallways and turns later. A large label on the door said "Security Checkpoint G-16". Mitchell pressed his thumb on a nearby fingerprint scanner, making the metal door slide open. The process interested me, since I was still used to the eye scanners in the BMRF. We were greeted by a small sized security center. In the middle of the room was a metal and glass made desk, with a guard sitting on a chair behind it. This desk guard looked similar to Rey and Mitchell, only he had a 12 Gauge Shotgun resting on the desk a few inches away from him. There were three narrow halls behind him. The guard looked up from the computer he was busy with when we were in earshot.

"Good afternoon Officer Easton. Hey Rey." The guard said, paying more attention to my presence, than to Rey or "Officer Easton", who I

presumed was in charge of this particular security station. "Who is this guy?" The guard asked.

"A survivor from the extinct BMRF. Newly recruited by the boss himself. Help him find his way around Nolan." Officer Mitchell Easton ordered.

"No problem sir." Nolan replied. Something on the computer suddenly caught Nolan's attention. He looked at us again. "Ah, sir, you and Rey are needed in the Surveillance Room. Don't worry about this guy, I'll make sure he finds his place."

"Alright Nolan. Carry on." Was all Mitchell said. They let go of my arms, which were sore, before he and Rey took off and walked down one of the halls behind the main desk.

"Come on. I'll show you around. I advise that you not do anything stupid. You'll regret it." Nolan said, pointing to a few cameras on the surrounding walls, and then pointing to three large automatic turrets on the middle ceiling.

Looking at the turrets, I soon realized I wouldn't get very far. I could easily take Nolan down before he could reach for the shotgun, and I would take that too. But the turrets on the middle of the ceiling prohibited such actions. They were attached to a metal area in the center of the dome-like ceiling, the rest being made of opaque bulletproof glass. Noticing I was on the surface due to the glass being there, I thought a little better of my plan. Nolan then noticed me eyeing both the glass-metal dome and the shotgun.

"I wouldn't recommend that. Even if you did kill me, and destroy the turrets using the shotgun, a portion of the glass part of the dome can easily open upon the sense of danger, and will allow security squads to drop from the ceiling. Not to mention guards rushing from not only the main door, but the halls behind me as well. Even someone as lucky as you to survive Black Mesa will not be able to escape under such conditions." Nolan warned, smirking at the same time.

"Damn, you guys are really going to spend that much equipment and soldiers just to keep me inside? I sure feel special." I said, with sarcasm in my voice.

"Well that's how the system works. You'll get used to the tight security." The guard said back, suppressing a laugh. "The g-man's patience is thin, so I guess I better get you into your outfit. I don't have to exhibit the place to you, seeing that you can find your own way around, you can explore yourself. There are signs on the walls, so you can't possibly get lost."

I began to walk to one of the halls. As I neared the desk, Nolan grabbed the shotgun and whipped it into my direction. I stopped momentarily just to catch the "Don't think about it" look from him. He was slightly amused, a mood which was contrary to mine. I was still angered at all this, but I knew I couldn't do much about it. I stepped into the middle hallway. I kept walking further down until I was out of sight from the main desk.

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The elevator stopped, not to where its supposed to go, it just stopped. Bewildered, I looked for emergency buttons, or ventilation exits, but there were none. It seemed as if the movement of the air itself ceased. Weird as it was, I then heard a familiar teleportation noise in behind me, and turned around. As expected, the g-man was there.

"Ok, now what happened?" I asked.

"I have stilled the space time continuum on this dimension." Came the snake-like reply.

"Great, you froze time. What's next?"

"My time-table forbids a long conversation, so I'll be quick to the point. My employer has found quite an interest in your valuable services Mr. Shepard. Ready as you are, you have not the need to visit the Recruitment Center. You have already been registered. I will create a portal that shall lead you to your new 'job' per say. A benefactor of mine will be waiting." The G-man declared proudly.

A portal suddenly opened next to me, but I stayed silent.

"Mr. Shepard, as much as I enjoy reading your thoughts, I would much rather prefer you to step through that portal. Farewell Sergeant Adrian Shepard, I will still see you on the other side. One way or the other."

Sergeant huh? New life awaited beyond the trans-dimensional teleported, and I was both exhilarated and dismayed at the idea. Interested in my promotion, I gradually made my way to the portal, to meet this "benefactor".

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Theg-mansmiled malevolently to himself. Phase one was completed. He knew what was to come, but not entirely. Many humans will have to be sacrificed to meet his demands, but the few he had chosen he decided must be spared. They were too worthy to be killed off so easily. His interest in the Human species after the Incident widened. He would test this volatile, yet resistant planet. They reminded him so much of his own kindâ€|

End: Preparations

Author's Note: Sorry for the extremely long delay everyone. I have been packing my things since I'm moving to Arizona this week. I've been extremely busy, getting my school transfer papers and such. I made this chapter extra long to compensate for some of the time I havn't been updating. I have done a minor change in Chapter 3, and changed the guard named "Aria" to "Rey". I realized there has been confusion between the change of perspectives (Adrian, Barney, G-man, etc.). I have fixed that by adding a dashed line to seperate the point-of-views. So every time there is a dashed line that seperates the text, the character perspectives change. It will mainly be between Adrian and Barney, so it should be easy. Caution advised,



since there will be times the point-of-view will change to G-man, or Dr. Rosenberg, so watch out. Any suggestions about this will be helpful, but remember, I'm using Notepad to write my Fanfiction. Also, thanks for the positive feedback from all you reviewers. I see little criticism in the reviews though. Even if you people have one thing you're annoyed about, say it in your review! I want a lot of criticism too! Don't expect another chapter in like a month, since it will take me and my family a while to get settled in Arizona. I promise you, the preparatory chapters are nearly over, and Chapter 5 is going to have some nifty dialouge and some action! Hope you haven't been bored to tears yet! Calhoun out... :)

End  
file.